

## BILLIONS OF STAMPS

BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING'S ENORMOUS OUTPUT.

Government Industry That is an Accurate Barometer of the Country's Business Conditions.

## FACTS OF POPULAR INTEREST

HOW POSTAGE STAMPS ARE PRINTED, COUNTED AND GUMMED.

Over Twenty Millions Turned Out Each Working Day—The Stamp Book Well Liked.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—More than six billion postage stamps will be printed by Uncle Sam during the present calendar year. The exact figures, as estimated by the officials, will be 6,324,000,000. Of this number 1,500,000,000 will be made up of 1-cent stamps, 3,427,000,000 of twos, and the remainder of the higher denominations. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing strikes off about 2,500,000 stamps every day. This average is kept up for the 200 working days in the year. The daily shipment of stamps to the 70,000 or more post-offices throughout the United States run from 10,000,000 to 70,000,000, the latter being the highest number ever sent out in a single day. About one hundred million stamps are always on hand ready for any emergency. The demand in the first twenty million every day, and with the exception of the set stock of 100,000,000 the supply just about equals the demand.

"Why, sir," said the man in charge of the stamp division, "we count in millions and billions here. We can tell without difficulty whether the country is prospering or languishing by the sale of stamps. In fact, the order sheet for stamps is an accurate barometer of industrial conditions in the United States. As a political argument nothing better can be advanced than the unusually heavy demand for stamps during the past years. The calls upon us necessitate constant activity. The sale of stamps has jumped with leaps and bounds since 1900. In that year we shipped 2,565,000,000, in 1901, 4,270,000,000, in 1902, 5,185,000,000, and in the present year we hope to pass the 6,000,000,000 mark. Our best month is January. Business picks up in December as a result of the holiday season, but we reach the flood in January. August is the slack month, and February is counted among the dull periods. The demand for stamps is unusually heavy, and at such times our daily shipments foot up to 70,000,000."

A TREMENDOUS TASK.  
The task of printing and distributing the little certificates that appear on the letters in the United States mails is a tremendous one. Great skill is required in every branch of the work. The plate printers that are employed in the country are employed, and the women who examine and count the stamps are among the most exact of the small army employed in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. While billions of stamps are printed in a year, every detail of the big job is done by a force of about 2,000 men and women. Each of them is an expert in his or her particular line of business. Only one mistake has been made in counting the stamps during the past three years. When it is considered that millions are counted in a day, hundreds of millions in a month, and billions in a year, the proficiency of the counters, all of whom are women, is readily appreciated. There is another fact that may be of interest to those who are not acquainted with the rules governing the national money factory, where the postage stamps are printed. In the past three years only one sheet of stamp paper has been lost. Four hundred stamps are printed on a sheet of a specially prepared paper. Each sheet goes through the hands of a couple of hundred employees. But it is almost impossible for a sheet of paper or a single stamp to be lost or mislaid. Every scrap must be accounted for and placed up before the employees leave the building. If a sheet is reported missing a search is made for it. If it is not found the loss must be made good. Sometimes the foreman of the room in which the sheet or stamp has disappeared pays for it, or a collection is taken up among the employees. But, as stated, the losses are infrequent, and when they do occur, they are small, only one in the past three years, and only three or four since 1893.

The process of turning out a postage stamp is similar to that of printing a bank note. There is, however, more detail in the printing of the stamp. The engraving requires as much skill, and some of the best men in the bureau are employed in this class of work. The design is suggested by some official in the Postoffice Department. It takes three months to turn it out, and then, if it does not suit the fancy of the department official, it must be done over again. The drying process of the stamp is laborious and requires great skill. Most of the defects that appear in the stamp paper after it is printed and ready for perforation are due to shrinkage. Every sheet of stamp paper has the water mark, "U. S. P." running through every square inch of it. The water mark is responsible for the shrinkage, which spoils many of the stamp sheets. The sheets which do not pass the eagle eye of the examiner are run through a press and canceled and then destroyed.

HOW STAMPS ARE GUMMED.  
The gumming of the stamp is one of the most important processes. It is done in accordance with strictly scientific principles. The room in which the process is worked out is kept as nearly as possible at the same temperature summer and winter. This is accomplished by means of steam coils in winter and by, perhaps, the most elaborate system of ventilation in the United States, with the possible exception of rooms in the government Bureau of Standards. Experiments covering a period of years were made with different gums, and it was a long time before the chemists were successful. They finally evolved a composition which fills the bill, and since it has been used very little complaint has been heard as to the adhesive quality of postage stamps. The basic constituent of this gum, which the government manufacturers use is casava starch. It contains nothing that is deleterious to health, and, in fact, is pronounced "almost good enough to eat." It is manufactured with great care and cleanliness.

The method of applying the gum to the stamp sheets is entirely mechanical except in the counting. The sheets are fed into a hopper where they pass between rollers, the lower set of which revolve in a vat of melted gum. This vat is directly over a heater which is regulated automatically with scientific accuracy. Over these gum rollers the stamps pass on a continuous

## AN AVOWED NEW HATER



Russian Minister of the Interior, who is minister of the interior, for the massacre at Kishinev. He is said to be a radical anti-Semite.

chain which carry them through wooden compartments heated by hot water pipes. When the sheets emerge the gum is dry, and they are ready for the counter. The thickness of the coating is a matter which is also determined to a nicety. It is regulated with regard to atmospheric conditions in the territory where the stamps are to be placed on sale. For example, stamps which go to the humid and hot climate of the Gulf States are so gummed as to prevent them from sticking together. A different gumming process is employed for the stamps sent to the dry and cold Northern latitude.

When the stamp sheets are printed, dried and gummed, they are placed under hydraulic pressure. They are stacked in a press in piles of a thousand sheets and a pressure exerted of about forty or fifty pounds per square inch. The stamps are then perforated, cut up into blocks of a hundred stamps, sent to the shipping room, and are then ready for distribution. The government has been printing its own postage stamps since 1894. Previous to that year the work was done under contract. Under the present system the Bureau of Engraving and Printing must compete for the work with private companies. Last year the competition was lively, and the bureau won on a very small margin. The Postoffice Department is as exacting with the bureau as it would be with a private company.

THE STAMP BOOK.  
Every innovation in the service has felt the impact of prejudice and encountered the unknown quantity in mankind which look with distrust upon anything that is new. The single exception was the stamp book which "took" from the beginning. When the prepayment of postage was introduced in the '40s it was not popular. People had been in the habit of either sending their mail by express or letting the postman take it. The stamps were introduced in 1836. The stamps are introduced, refuses to turn aside. He knew that the prepayment of postage was a step in the path of progress and the system was finally accepted by the people.

For all practical purposes the history of postage stamps begins in the United Kingdom, and with the great reform of its postal system in 1839. The use of adhesive stamps in the United States was authorized by an act of Congress approved March 3, 1847, and on June 1, 1856, prepayment by stamps was made compulsory. Until 1853 the rates of postage were based upon the distances over which the mails were conveyed. In 1846 these rates were: not exceeding 300 miles, 3 cents; exceeding 300 miles, 10 cents. In 1851 the rates were reduced to 2 cents for distances not exceeding 3,000 miles, and 10 cents for distances exceeding 3,000 miles. In 1853 a uniform rate of postage without regard to distance was fixed at 2 cents and on Oct. 1, 1853, excepting, however, lottery matter, coins, jewelry, merchandise, etc., the rate was reduced to 1 cent. Now the people want penny postage.

Formerly postage stamps were very simple in design. The series authorized about a year ago are more elaborate than any ever before issued by the government. They are more ornate, and carry the year of birth and death of the subject. This gives them an educational value which they did not possess in former years. The portrait of two women have graced the stamps of Uncle Sam. The cheerful countenance of Martha Washington appears on one of the last series and that of Queen Isabella, of Spain, on an issue authorized at the time of the Chicago world's fair.

The stamp book attains great popularity as the public becomes more familiar with them. It is in demand in every city and the United States and calls for them are coming from the Philippines, Porto Rico and Hawaii. The sale of the books is increasing at the rate of 200,000 a month. Since introducing the stamp the government has made \$150,000 in the fractional profits it receives on each book.

The insular possessions are beginning to draw upon the government for large shipments of stamps. The Philippines have about \$5,000,000 a year and Hawaii and Porto Rico each about \$5,000,000 a year.

J. E. M.

## In Touch with Cabinet.

Washington Letter.  
There have been few administrations in which the President and his Cabinet have been so thoroughly in touch with the whole country as in the present one. For years it was a standing complaint of the West that the officials at Washington did not appreciate conditions in the vast territory beyond the Mississippi. President Roosevelt and his Cabinet understand the Western people, their wants and their life, as thoroughly as though they were residents of that section. Mr. Roosevelt's many years' experience as a rancher and frontiersman has made him a Westerner by adoption. Nearly every member of his Cabinet has made a special study of that section and people. Secretary Hay has made many trips across the plains and into the Rockies. Secretary Root for some years has spent his vacations hunting and traveling through the far Western country. Secretary Shaw, Secretary Wilson and Secretary Hitchcock are all residents of the country beyond the Mississippi. Secretary Cortelyou gained an intimate knowledge of the people and sentiments there while accompanying the late President McKinley on his tour. Attorney General Knox has spent much time in traveling and hunting over the plains and mountains of the West. Secretary Moody is returning from a trip into the same country, who is a Westerner in residence, sentiment and experience. The whole Cabinet is equipped for sympathetic consideration of questions that affect the West as well as those of dominating interest in the East.

Verse.  
While climbed out on the bank  
And shiver looked askance,  
For though his other clothes were there,  
Some one had seized his mittens.  
—Yale Record.

## FIGHTING IN MACEDONIA

A WAR CORRESPONDENT "HELD UP" BY A STRAY BRIGAND.

Bloody Battle Between Insurgents and Turke-Monks and Peasants Assist.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

PHILIPPOPOLI, Bulgaria, May 25.—I crossed the frontier at Fondina, the last Montenegrin village, and took the road to Dimech, which is the first Albanian settlement. The way leads over stony mountain passes, heavily wooded. After traveling two hours I sat down on a windfall to consult the maps, only to find that they lied foot for foot. Suddenly the towering figure of a native loomed up. At sight of the stranger he stood stock still. What a shame that Prince Nicholas's soldiers had confiscated my camera the day before! Here was a subject for Remington: an over-life-size bronze statue, a picturesque long coat floating down the back, the mighty right gracefully poised on the silver handle of a marine pistol stuck in the belt. If I live 100 years I will not forget the look he gave me as I was reeking with contempt, cunning, superiority—a veritable death warrant! I saw at once that he was a Mussulman and bade him God's peace.

"Stop," he said in answer, and, looking me over a second time, added: "Can't you get out of my way?"

I tried to smile: "Certainly, my lord, if you want more room," and endeavored to pass him by a large circuit. I had made about twenty paces when he faced me anew.

"Coming from Austria, do you not? What do you want here?"

"I was born in Austria, but am a naturalized Bulgarian—a man of science, if your lordship pleases, after bugs and flowers and herbs. They call me a botanist."

"They do, eh? And I call you a liar! 'Citizen of two countries!' I say you belong to dogland, and listen—further after that you came here to play the spy. Sit down now and hold your tongue."

I did as bidden and his lordship sat by my side. (After a while): "Have you got anything to drink?"

"At your order, sir."

He took a long pull from the bottle, shivered a bit and spoke disdainfully: "Where did you get that confounded stuff?"

"In Podgoritz, on the other side; 20 kreutzers per liter."

"Podgoritz—I know the hole. Well, how are things there?"

"My lord," I replied, "the Montenegrins are a poor race." But he would not permit me to finish. "Have you got anything to eat?" he cried. "No! Well, here is corn bread and garlic. We'll divide."

We lunched together and emptied the flask like brethren in arms.

CASE OF HIGHWAY ROBBERY.  
Having demonstrated that there was no ill-will, my captor abruptly remarked: "By the way, have you got any money about you?"

I ripped open the lining of my coat and extracted by fortune, counting it out into the Albanian's hand, twenty-five guildens. He examined the banknotes with the eye of a connoisseur, nodded and placed them in his pocket.

"Change!" he said next, with the meanness of a street car conductor, asking for fares.

"My lord, I trust to your generosity that you will let me retain the small coin. I have a long way before me, and my appetite is good. Besides, I have only two guildens left, a sum quite unworthy of so great a lord as you."

"Hold your tongue! An Albanian can take care of his dignity, without listening to barking dogs. And don't whine about getting hungry, if you please. Hospitality is one of our chief national virtues. Every household has bread and cheese here for such as you. Change, I repeat, and don't be all day about it!"

I shelled out. The Albanian, continuing, "And that is really all? Have you no valuables?"

I turned out my trousers pockets and he went through my vest and coat, while I held the lapels. His only find was a cheap watch of gun-metal. It puzzled him.

"How much?" he queried, doubtfully.

"I paid five guildens for it in Sofia."

"Then it's base metal and of no use." He threw the watch against the nearest tree.

"Pardon, my lord, as you did not care for the watch, you might have returned it to me."

The Albanian smiled like a Satyr. "And encourage your Western ignorance? No, learn to tell the time by the sun, as enlightened Albanians do! Besides, when you get home you will buy another watch; all you fellows have money by the bushel."

He arose, cut the straps of the valise hanging from my shoulder, and said, "You go now."

I got up, but tarried somewhat. He looked me through and through, repeating, "You may go." Then he added: "How- ever, I don't want you to think us heartless. Here is more bread and garlic for you; may your appetite never grow less."

I took the bread and—waited for more. At this my lord seemed vexed, but at last he handed me my change, 2 guildens and 5 kreutzers: "We are no heathens, you

know." All this with the utmost gravity. "And now good-bye—God be with you! And remember well, don't look behind. You will take the path to the left, stick to it for your own sake; there are real brigands on the other side." I saluted and continued my journey as a war correspondent four more days, when I met a Bulgarian consul, who gave me a shirt and sent me home by rail.

## WITH THE INSURGENTS.

On the way to Philippopolis I fell in with a crowd of insurgents, prisoners of war, just taken by Prince Ferdinand's Frontier Guards, six of them—a patriarch, with long white beard and hair, two full-grown men and three boys below twenty, the youngest no more than fifteen years old. They represented the several classes of Macedonia, including a lawyer, school teacher, pop (priest), merchant and two farmers. The first-named gentlemen took it upon themselves to report on their "lucky" venture against the Red Caps, just come to a close.

"We belong to the band of Mitew," they said, "the most formidable of insurgent leaders who ever fought the Turks, and had orders to capture, or destroy, the Turkish detachments guarding the Uskul-Niah Railway line and tear up the road. However, the plan miscarried, for as we were about to march news was received that two Turkish companies were closing upon us from opposite directions, expecting to get us between two fires in the course of the night. In consequence Mitew abandoned the village without a moment's delay and we retreated to the mountains dominated by the high mass, white Palanka Monastery, half a mile higher up, afforded excellent cover for our rear."

"The night passed off quietly enough, but at early dawn we noticed a Turkish force crawling up to the village. 'Reserve your fire,' ran Mitew's whispered orders through the lines, 'until you can see the whites of their eyes.'"

"The red caps kept marching on, as if they had not the slightest idea of our whereabouts. Suddenly a halt, a word of command, a white cloud, and hundreds of bullets whistled about our ears and forms."

"A second later the Turks continued their march. The salute, as it were, had turned out a mere waste of powder and lead. Of our people not a single man was wounded."

"We hoped to be back with our Western advance guards signalled the on-march of the second Turkish detachment. They were coming from the west. No doubt it was planned to surround and decimate us."

"To prevent annihilation Mitew ordered a retreat upon Palanka monastery, where we had no sooner established ourselves in strong positions when the Turks advanced in a semi-circle, five to six men deep. In this way they formed a perfect target, but neither loss of men nor horrible wounds, inflicted every instant, seemed to make any impression whatever on the enemy, that suddenly forged ahead. A hand-to-hand fight was imminent, when Mitew gave the order: 'Bombs!'

"BOMBS ARE THROWN."  
The speaker showed a bomb, such as are sold all along the Bulgarian-Macedonian frontiers by the dozen—small shells filled with dynamite, or other explosive matter, with a few rusty nails, or leaden balls, thrown in. Then he continued his report:

"Immediately the fuses were lit and fifty or sixty bombs thrown. The effect was awful to contemplate, for dozens of Red Caps were instantly killed and still more wounded. A panic ensued. The lines broke up and the enemy's efforts to re-establish order or persuade the men to continue the fight were in vain. That was just as we had expected."

"It was just then about noon, and we numbered a dozen dead and wounded, while the enemy's losses were thirty dead and 150 wounded. We then advanced some fifty paces, as far as we could go without exposure, and did some sharpshooting, but the result being negative, Mitew ordered us to stop and lie down for a rest."

"Meanwhile more Red Caps appeared in the distance and towards 5 o'clock the enemy was 800 strong at the very least; still Mitew refused to retreat. 'We must conquer or die,' he cried. However, he ordered us to occupy the monastery, which is a natural fortress of the first rank. As we did so the Turks advanced in quickstep and firing was resumed on both sides with equal determination, while the losses were about even. At last the Turks pressed so hard upon our flank that we were forced to seek shelter in the inner court, where a genuine surprise awaited us."

"The good monks had thoughtfully laid in a supply of first-class bombs and handed them over ready for use at the moment of danger. They did more. They joined in the dynamiting with astonishing dexterity. We soon had the Red Caps on the run down the mountainside. They were brave enough under fire, but could not stand explosives; who will blame them?"

MONKS RAISE FLAG OF DISTRESS.  
"Just as we were preparing for pursuit a party of armed peasants clashed with the enemy. The abbott had raised the flag of distress and the patriots in the valley, assuming that the monks were hard pressed by the Turks, hastened to relief. Needless to say, the fleeing red caps met a hot reception at their hands. Rifles, pikes, swords and axes did horrible execution, and, placed

## Second Week of Our June Sale Of Tailor-Made Suits and Skirts



Inspired by the enormous business we have done thus far, and in order to make this the banner week of this great sale, we have made another reduction on every suit in our store. This is an absolute clearing-up sale of all suits and skirts. None are reserved, as we haven't the room to carry over stock from one season to another. The assortment is exceptionally large, and every suit and skirt is of the very newest mode, clean and desirable.

We unhesitatingly pronounce these offering to be the best of the season.

**\$10.00** Dress Suits and Walking Suits, made from Cheviots, Venetians and Fancy Mixtures, regular \$18.50 and \$20.00 values.

**\$14.75** Dress Suits and Walking Suits—your choice from about 100 styles, all colors and black, made in the new blouse and coat effects, reduced from \$25.00.

**\$19.50** For \$30.00 Suits, in fine Etamines, Broadcloths and Cheviots, some silk lined throughout; about 150 in this assortment to choose from.

**\$23.50** At this price you may choose from about 200 high-grade Suits, in plain materials and Scotch mixtures—many novelties among them that sold up to \$37.50.

**\$25.00 \$30.00 and \$32.50** Exclusive Ideas in Dress Suits and Walking Suits, the high-art tailored novelties, in Voile, Etamines, Broadcloth, Cheviots and imported mixed materials—suits that sold up to \$48.50.

## ---DRESS SKIRTS AND WALKING SKIRTS---

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## HUMORS OF THE KANSAS FLOOD.

Odd Happenings That the People Out There Laugh Over Now.

Kansas City Journal.

A cow succeeded in reaching the big Me- lane bridge at Topeka on Friday night. She wandered back and forth disconsolately and occasionally gave voice to a mournful bellow. On Saturday the heart of a young lawyer was touched by the spectacle of such distress. He got a boat and a bale of hay and started to the relief of the animal.

On striking the current in one of the streets he was promptly upset and nearly drowned. Not discouraged, he got another bale of hay and another boat and for the second time heroically essayed the passage. This time he succeeded. He carried the bale well up on the bridge, cut the wires, spread out the hay and drove the cow up to it. She gave one snuff and contemptuously walked away.

She had been just twelve hours of grass and her paunch was still full. Under the circumstances she might have become inclined to eat hay in about a week. The

young lawyer now knows more about the wants and the habits of cattle.

Rev. Mr. Wyman, of Topeka, was engaged in saving the flood sufferers. His part was to convey them in a carriage from the bank of the river to the auditorium, where relief quarters had been established. In the course of a day or two his clothing became muddy and sorry looking. On one of his trips he entered the auditorium and, approaching a fashionable lady of the town who was presiding over the distribution of clothing, he said apologetically: "I guess you do not know me, Mrs. —."

"Oh, yes I do," responded the good lady severely. "I have outlived you twice already and I want you to get right out of here."

"In three men out of five there is the making of a hero. In the earlier stages of the great flood at Topeka men volunteered to save the lives of those who were in peril of an ear in hand. To penetrate the flooded district with safety consummate skill in boat- ing was required. It is not surprising that many of the amateur boatmen were upset in the torrents and were forced to take to trees or roofs of houses in order to save their own lives."

Among the amateur boatmen who went to the rescue of people in North Topeka were Probate Judge Hayden and State Senator. They had an old flat-bottomed boat which might not have been conveyed safely through the cross currents by even the most expert of oarsmen. Naturally they upset at almost the first cross current. Here they lost an oar, but regained their boat, which swept downward with the current. Presently they were tipped out again and lost the boat. However, for the second time, they regained the boat and went drifting helplessly through the water-covered town.

At last they were swept across Kansas avenue and plumped into a window of Billard's mill. As they crashed into this place of comparative safety they were astonished to find a solitary old man sitting on a box and calmly smoking his pipe. The old man stared at them a moment and then shouted: "By the Jumps! Jehosophat, here comes Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday!"

Over in North Topeka the boys are trying to outwit who was Robinson Crusoe and which was Friday.

A woman came walling and almost hysterical out of one of the rescue boats sent to North Topeka. She clutched to her bosom a bundle which every one there was contemplating a baby. But when she reached dry land she carefully unrolled the bundle and displayed a female poodle dog with four young puppies.

In one of the churches in North Topeka a lot of colored folks gathered. They were terribly frightened and divided their time between shouting for help and praying for the Lord's assistance. They were taken off one by one until at last there came a buxom old "aunt." As she struck dry ground she opened the batteries of her vocabulary.

"Dar is de prayin' lot ob niggers in dat chuch 'you evah saw," she said as she shook her ample skirts and adjusted the bandana on her forehead. "Dar's niggers ovah dar prayin' dat never prayed in dees befo'. Dey is shoutin' 'to de Lord to come an' save dem from de watahs. But de Lord say to Hissell, 'I gwine to come an' dem niggers up a spell to show dem de sinfulness ob der ways.' He's a-shakin' dem mighty ha'd."

"I," responded the old lady in response to a question, "I hain't no love 'n my faith in de Lord. I don't stand by Him 'n mercy as much as I did, but I've got moah 'preciation of His powerfulness."

Does He Know Isankt Providence Journal.

Like all fishermen, Mr. Cleveland of course cannot write about fishing without referring to Isankt Walton. It would be interesting to learn whether he or any fisherman of his class ever read "The Complaint Angler." For many years now Walton has been an author whose name is much oftener invoked than his book is read. Indeed, it is not the least of his attractions that he should have so impressed himself on the world that he is widely known and frequently mentioned among men who never even saw a copy of one of his works.

Real American Optimism.

Topeka State Journal.

Chicago had no place among the great cities of the country until after the fire. Calver was little thought of until after the flood. Since then it has been rebuilt and is bigger and busier than ever. A new Topeka will rise out of the flood.

## Men Who Know

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